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DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here from time to time, due notice of which will be given. (For the PAINLESS extraction of teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead. August 31, 1871.—v6n29y1)

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Will practice in all the counties of the Third Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the State. me4ly

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January 1, 1869—1nly

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Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and St. Charles, and in the District and Supreme Courts. v6nly1

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WILL practice in the various Courts of the Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been engaged for two years past in making an abstract of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short notice a complete abstract of title of all the lands in said county. July 28, 1870.

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And everything in the line of Confectioneries.

All kinds of Cakes and Pastries made to order. All orders should be given at least two days in advance.

November 9, 1871.—1n6272

Valuable Town Property for Sale—Dwelling House and Lot and 2 Vacant Lots.
THE undersigned will sell on easy terms a one and a half story frame dwelling and 1 lot near the business part of the town; and 2 vacant lots south of Cate & Rogers' Tanyard. Will be sold separately or together.
I will also sell a good work horse, 4 years old, and a spring wagon.
MARTIN SEDLACEK, Troy.

Scotch Ours and Hand Corn Sheller
W. & CURTIN, Patentes, Carlsruhe, Gt.
Send for Circulars.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 7.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

NO. 1.

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

A tall, blue-eyed girl, with loose brown curls flowing from her face, like an aureole amber of brightness, and a slender throat, white and smooth as mother-of-pearl, was Valentine Bruce, as she sat by the open window, dreamily watching the sunset flame melt into open billows of light.

And Colonel Mordaunt smoked his cigar in the fragrant shadows of the shrubbery, and wondered what fortunate mortal might be fated to buy Valentine's wedding ring, and pay her millinery bills, and be her humble slave and servant (?) through life.

Colonel Mordaunt tossed his cigar in among the rose acacias that skirted the lawn, and began to select a cluster of exquisite moss roses, headless of the thorns that pierced his unaccustomed fingers.

"She likes flowers," he soliloquized, "and moss roses are certainly the prettiest flowers that grow. I will win a smile from those velvet lips of hers."

He twisted a blade of pliant grass around the mossy stems, in place of a ribbon, and sauntered carelessly up the gravel walk.

All of a sudden he stopped.

"Frank Aldrich's voice," he exclaimed, biting his lips with vexation, as a merry peal of laughter floated through the purpling twilight from the open meadows beyond. "What brings that puppy here, now, of all times and seasons in the world?"

"Halloo, Jack!" said Aldrich. "Been sentimentalizing out in the dew? The ladies were just fretting over the chance of your taking cold."

Mordaunt's face brightened up—then Valentine did think of him sometimes.

"That is," pursued the relentless Aldrich, "poor thoughtful sister Katy said she was afraid you would have a cold, and Miss Bruce said nothing."

Colonel Mordaunt stepped forward and laid the knot of moss roses on the folds of Valentine's white dress, with a few murmured words that nobody could understand.

"Flowers, eh?" said Frank superciliously.

Valentine looked carefully down at the cluster of pink buds, and then deliberately took them up and tossed them out upon the lawn.

"Explain if you please," said Frank, composedly, while Mordaunt grew scarlet and bit his lips.

"There was a worm—a horrid, green worm, on one of the buds," haughtily said Valentine, shaking off one or two crimson petals that still adhered to her dress. "I have a perfect horror of all such noxious insects."

"Do you hear that, Jack?" appealed Mr. Aldrich, lazily turning around in his chair. "It is a pity you were so unfortunate in the selection of your floral offering."

But Colonel Mordaunt had left the room. Kate followed him the next minute.

"Dearest Jack, you are vexed with Valentine and Frank? They don't mean to annoy you, I'm sure."

"Not vexed, dear," said Mordaunt, "only grieved. I am sorry Miss Bruce finds me so disagreeable."

He went up stairs, while Kate hesitated a moment below.

"He is better by himself," she said, mentally. "Poor fellow, he's dreadfully in love, and I wish Valentine and Frank wouldn't tease him so."

And she went down in the terraced garden to gather honey-suckles for the parlor vases, and to muse on her brother's manifold grievances.

"It's too bad, so it is!" she murmured. "I shall talk seriously to Valentine about it this very evening."

Meanwhile, Colonel Mordaunt stalked sulkily up stairs, into his sister's pretty little sitting room, where the muslin curtains were fluttering to and fro in the night wind, and the sofa was drawn into a little recess beside a table all littered with books and magazines, and the indescribable debris which two girls invariably collect around themselves in the course of a June afternoon.

He threw himself recklessly down on the sofa, and drew the soft folds of Kate's cashmere shawl over him.

"Katy!"

Like the tremulous coo of the wood pigeon, Valentine's voice murmured the two soft syllables with the coaxing accent of a child. And in the same instant she knelt down beside the sofa, her white dress sweeping over the crimson carpet, and one arm thrown over the deceitful cashmere shawl.

Colonel Mordaunt's first impulse was to spring up and declare his individuality—his second was to lie still and let fate manage the affair to suit her capricious self. So he lay still accordingly, experiencing a very singular and not at all disagreeable sensation, from the contact of the caressing arm.

No doubt, he was a treacherous hypocritical wretch—but, fair lady, or chivalrous gentleman, don't judge the poor fellow too harshly. It is just possible—only possible, you know—that you might do the same thing.

"Now you are angry with me, Kate!" pleaded the soft voice, "because I threw those flowers away! And you won't speak to me; and I know I deserve it, darling."

There was a moment's silence, as if Miss Valentine had expected some sort of a response to her pretty penitence. But she didn't get any, so after a brief pause, she went on:

"Indeed, Kate, I didn't mean to grieve you—and I won't do it again. I am sorry for my ridiculous freak. Do you suppose he was very angry, Katy? Do you think I ought to ask his pardon? But then he didn't see me steal around the lawn, when that odious Aldrich was gone, and pick up the roses again."

"There was strong symptoms of coming tears—a sort of quivering sob in the voice."

"You won't forgive me, Kate? Not if I tell you that I really do love your brother? Only, Katy, I was silly enough to want to tease him a little, and test my power over his heart. I love him, I may tell you of it, dear, without being bold, or unwomanly, because you know we have often talked about his liking me a little—and oh, Kate, answer me! don't be so cold and cruel! Surely you can't be asleep! Where are your lips, cher amie?" she coaxed, playfully. "I shall soon break the magic spell that binds them. You know you never could keep vexed with me more than five minutes at a time."

She sprang suddenly to her feet with a piercing scream—her wandering hand had touched the dark, heavy mustache on which Colonel Mordaunt prided himself so specially.

He strove to catch the hand—to detain the frightened beauty long enough to plead his cause in earnest, impassioned words, but in vain. Fear seemed literally to lend her wings. Away like a frightened dove she flew, uttering wild, hysteric screams, and fairly falling into the arms of the astonished Mr. Mordaunt, who was just coming in from the star-lighted garden with both hands full of dewy branches of honeysuckles.

"Valentine," she exclaimed, dropping the spiny blossoms, "why, what is the matter? What can have startled you so dreadfully?"

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" sobbed Valentine, clinging to her friends shoulder with a nervous vehemence, "there's a man in your room—a robber hiding under your cashmere shawl on the sofa. Oh, I am nearly frightened to death!"

Katy's serene, brown brow dilated a little—then brightened with smiling archness.

"A robber!" she repeated with provoking calmness. "Nonsense, Valentine, you are mistaken. It was only Jack. I saw him go in there not a half hour ago. The idea of taking our Jack for a robber!" Katy's laughter rippled merrily at the mere fancy.

Only Jack! In the midst of her terror, the possibility had never occurred to Valentine Bruce's mind. Only Jack! The "Forty Thieves" themselves would have faded into nothingness before the mere idea of Colonel Mordaunt having heard all those pleadings and unconscious admissions. One moment Valentine felt as if every vein throughout her whole frame were filled with fire—then she grew white and cold as marble. Life and strength seemed ebbing away from her, and for the first time in her life she faint.

Katy Mordaunt quietly sprinkled scented water on her forehead, and began to unlace the white muslin dress. As she did so, a bunch of flowers fell from Valentine's bosom, and Katy smiled to herself as she recognized the moss buds that had been so haughtily thrown out on the lawn that very evening.

"I'll keep them for Jack," she said. "Ah, Valentine, you'll be my sister-in-law yet."

How shyly the blue-eyed damsel stole into the breakfast room the next morning. She would cheerfully have fasted all day long sooner than enter into the presence of the tall Colonel; but the dreaded first interview must be got over sooner or later, so here she was, with downcast lashes, and cheeks dyed as deep pink as the rose-colored wrapper she had on. No more haughty airs and graces—no more cool composure. She was at Colonel Mordaunt's mercy, and she knew it.

He was standing at the window, looking out on the morning sunshine that bathed the short, velvety grass before the piazza. But he turned quickly, as she entered, with a bright, welcoming smile.

"Valentine," he said gently, "was I dreaming last night, or did I hear you say that you loved me? Oh, my darling, tell me that it was no dream!"

She came shyly to his arms, and he knew that she was his—his forever.

The courtship is drawing to a terminus now—the white satin dress is finished and the wedding cake is in bud, and the white roses are in bud that shall soon be woven into bridal bouquets; but Valentine is still extremely sensitive on the subject of cashmere shawls and twilight confidences. And Katy Mordaunt—sassy little elf that she is—declares that Miss Valentine Bruce took advantage of its being leap-year to confide her sentiments to the dark-haired lover whom she delighted to torment.—Banner of Liberty.

In the "Life of Catherine M. Sedgwick," recently published by Harper and Brothers, we find an anecdote, told by her father with much gusto, of Dr. Bellamy. One of Dr. B.'s parishioners, who was a notorious scamp, came to him, saying in the parlance of the divinity that pervaded Berkshire county at that period, "I feel that I have obtained a hope!" The doctor looked surprised.

"I realize that I am the chief of sinners," continued the hypocritical canter. "Your neighbors have long been of that opinion," rejoined the doctor. The man went on to say out the lesson: "I feel willing to be damned for the glory of God!" "Well, my friend, I don't know any one who has the slightest objection."

"Indeed, Kate, I didn't mean to grieve you—and I won't do it again. I am sorry for my ridiculous freak. Do you suppose he was very angry, Katy? Do you think I ought to ask his pardon? But then he didn't see me steal around the lawn, when that odious Aldrich was gone, and pick up the roses again."

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Revenge is Sweet.

The "Fat Contributor" writes: I recall an adventure with a night clerk once, in a western town. I retired, leaving directions to be called for the express, which came along at three o'clock in the morning. It was very important that I shouldn't miss that train, and with this idea weighing upon my mind couldn't sleep much. Waking suddenly from a doze, I consulted my watch and found it was nearly three o'clock. I dressed hurriedly, and going below, found the night clerk asleep, with his feet upon the stove, and a half consumed cigar in his mouth. I shook him and the following dialogue ensued:

Traveler: "Won't the omnibus be here soon?"

Clerk: "What om'bus?"

Traveler: "Why, the omnibus for the eastern express."

Clerk: "No omnibus (gape) run that train."

Traveler: Growing excited at the prospect of being left: "How far is it to the depot?"

Clerk (lazily striking a match to relight his cigar): "Bout a mile."

Traveler: "Well, call up the porter and send him down with my baggage, and I'll walk. Come, no time to lose."

Clerk: "Porter won't get up. He goes to bed for keeps."

Traveler (dancing around with nervous excitement): "How am I to get to get to that train, then?"

Clerk (a long gape): "Damfino."

Traveler (diplomacy being necessary): "Would half a dollar induce you to go down to the depot with me, and carry my baggage?"

Clerk (springing to his feet with great alacrity): "Certainly, sir; I will light a lantern and jog right along."

The depot was a mile from town, a lonely place, with no other building near. No friendly light glimmered from its windows, the agent probably enjoying his necessary five hour's sleep. "Good bye," said the night clerk, as he received his half dollar and was about to return, leaving me to watch out in the cold for the train.

"See here," said I, "is this train usually on time?"

"Hardly ever known to be on time," replied the night clerk. "Three or four hours behind sometimes."

Here was a pleasant prospect for me, alone at the desolate depot, of a dark, winter night. I was fearful of robbers, too. I hadn't much money, but how could the robbers be expected to know that?

"Can't you stay with me till the train comes?"

"I can't do it boss, (gaping again.) Must get back to the hotel (gape.) Good night, (gape), take care of yourself, old man."

"What can I do if the train don't stop?"

(Gaping fiercer than ever.) "Damfino."

Visions of robbers filled my mind as the lantern receded, and I yelled, "Would half a dollar induce you to stop until the train comes?"

"Certainly," said the night clerk, cheerily, stopping his gapes as he came on a run. For once the train was on time, so he was not long delayed. It halted but a second; I jumped on the platform with my baggage, the train started, and this night clerk yelled, "hote, you! where's my half dollar?"

And the voice of the traveler came wafted back as he gaped, "Damfino!"

SOCIAL HONOR.—Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct to the lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is the guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house, unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a disappointed son, whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases, the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, as far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indecency and meanness unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any house, admitted into its privacy, sharing its life, all that you can see and hear is a sacred trust. It is really as contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

Larry is a good-natured, civil fellow, but has one failing; it is this, that when he goes to his home at night he is usually more or less under the influence of con brandy fluids. Thanking good night he started for home with a nice turkey, safely done up in strong wrapping paper, under his arm. Larry found the road to his house uncommon rough that night. He several times stumbled and fell over all sorts of obstructions in his path. Each time he fell he dropped his turkey, but continued to pick it up again. On entering his house he steadied himself as well as he was able and said to his wife:

"Here wife, I've got 'leven turkeys for you."

"Eleven turkeys, Larry! What do you mean? There's only one."

"There must be 'leven turkeys, wifey for I fell down 'leven times, and every time found a turkey. There must be 'leven turkeys."

A CALIFORNIA SAVOIR-TOU.—If there ever was an unmitigated savage in the community, then Lawrence McKee of San Francisco is so. Here is a sample of the way he daily manifests his conjugal affection: His wife testifies that he got mad at her, and attacking her in the house beat her furiously, choked her till the blood flew from her mouth and nose; that he kicked the flesh off her limbs, pulled large quantities of hair out of her scalp, tossed her into a wash tub, threw her on the floor, pitched her on the bed, pulled all her clothing off, beat her about the head, dislocated one shoulder and mauled the other with a hammer, swore he would treat her roughly in a little while and sent for an ax to finish the job. McKee admitted that he struck and choked her, but said that he did not do the rest to his knowledge. For these little pleasantries